

RUTLAND HERALD.  
Published every Wednesday Morning.  
At Rutland, Vt.  
TERMS—PER YEAR.  
To Villages and Towns, \$1.00  
Delivered at the Office, .50  
To Mail Subscribers, .50  
Delivered by Post Riders, .25  
Business Cards Inserted for \$2 per insertion.  
ADVERTISEMENTS.

# RUTLAND HERALD.

BY GEO. R. BEAMAN.

RUTLAND, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1847.

Vol. 35.—No. 23

## THE DOVE OF THE STORM.

BY DORA MONSEE.

Gently and quietly the night folded its wings over a pleasant home among the green mountains, where a happy circle were gathered around a blazing fire of maple wood. It was one of those old-fashioned homes—of which every one has a bright idea; tall trees bent over it as if to shelter the young hearts that beat happily under the roof, and peacefully, even as the birds that sang to them through the long summer days dwelt the little mountainous in their secluded haunts. Their parents had been absent a week on a visit to friends at a distance, though it was mid-winter, and the broad evergreen forests were thickly covered with snow. They were the people who spend pleasure the liveliest season God gives us for little thought could they take of journeying for amusement, when the rich fruit and waving grass were ripening fast for them to gather.

It was the farmer's season for sowing now; the harvest moon had long since waned, & left rich stores in barn and granary. There were stalwart boys to leave at home who knew right well what was needed—and the parents had not feared to leave the little band alone without any protection but their own innocence and the care of Him whom they trusted.

Trained as they had been to brave all storm and danger, coming lightly for either the hardy children had enjoyed the independence of being left to take care of themselves, as James Graham's expression is & now they were recounting all the home duties they had faithfully performed, for the absent ones were expected home that night, and each little heart beat happily in the consciousness of having done right.

"Well, I guess father don't expect to find all the c'm back when he gets home," said James.

"No, nor the old sled headed up service," said Richard.

"What have you got to tell father, Annie?" said James to a little gentle creature who looked like a white morning-glory with blue eyes.

"Oh! I shall tell him how good we've all been, and how I helped you to feed the lambs every day."

"You'll tell him we've all been good, too, won't you cousin Marian?" asked Richard, for the rough boy began to remember certain instances of his teasing and fun, which he thought might not sound very well in the account.

A gay and brilliant girl was cousin Marian, who had escaped from the dull restraint of city life a little while to enjoy the freedom she loved. Oh! it was strange, strange how she could leave a sphere of gaiety and fashion, where she was the brightest star, to sit on that old stone bench in the farmer's kitchen, and crack butter-nuts, or help pare apples till her little white hands looked black enough; she was so quiet, and so kind, so winning to all, and then as James said, she was a first rate hand at making candy and popping corn.

But Marian Norville was not gentle—indeed she wasn't, for she had rather play the romping games of the country girls or sit with James Graham of a moonlight night, than dance the bewitching Polka in her splendid city home, and why should she soil for the shadows of old bending trees trembled on the frozen lake, and the moon shone brighter there than in a crowded room, on beauty which God did not make. Perhaps, too, Marian had halter thoughts than those of mere enjoyment, for every night she had gathered the children around her, and repeated a prayer so earnest in its few simple words that their young eyes closed overjoyed as they knelt, and all her gaiety was for a few moments forgotten.

Now as she sat on a rude, low seat, with Annie's sweet face resting on her lap, the glowing fire-light lit up her face with the trust gladness, as she answered Richard.

"Yes, coz, you've been good almos' the time, and—" While she was speaking the whole group was startled by a low, distinct rapping on a window-pane, and there, with its white breast pressed close against the glass, was trembling dove, picking the frost covered window, as he peered for shelter from the driving storm. All the children ran eagerly to the door, and Richard laid his hand gently and carefully in Marian's hand—

The flickering light of the candle shone far out in the dark room, and dimly showed two figures, a dove and the falling snow.

It was unusual in that lonely place to see strangers passing by at night, and the ever restless Richard exclaimed—

"You carry in the dove and warm it up, coz, you've been good almos' the time, and—" While she was speaking the whole group

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